

From: b6, b7c
To: [CNRMA IG HOTLINE](#)
Cc: b6, b7c
[New London](#)
Subject: RE: The Art Of Power and The Power Of Art-201300079 (FOUO)
Date: Wednesday, January 09, 2013 11:42:19 AM

-----Original Message-----

From: b6, b7c CIV NCIS
Sent: Wednesday, January 09, 2013 11:13
To: CNRMA IG HOTLINE
Cc: b6, b7c CIV CNRMA, NOOG; b6, b7c CIV COMNAVREG MIDLANT; b6, b7c
b6, Subase New London
Subject: RE: The Art Of Power and The Power Of Art-201300079 (FOUO)

We will take a look at it.

Thanks b6, b7c!

b6, b7c

-----Original Message-----

From: b6, b7c COMNAVREG MIDLANT On Behalf Of CNRMA IG HOTLINE
Sent: Wednesday, January 09, 2013 10:38
To: b6, b7c CIV NCIS
Cc: b6, b7c CNRMA, NOOG; b6, b7c CIV COMNAVREG MIDLANT; b6, b7c
b6, Subase New London
Subject: FW: The Art Of Power and The Power Of Art-201300079 (FOUO)

b6, ,

As per my voice message, the below email was received by our office in our Hotline Email account. This is clearly not an IG matter. Please advise whether NCIS accepts this information for action as deemed appropriate so that I can close it out of our IG hotline tracking system as referred to NCIS.

b6, b7c, For your information, since the below email, received in our hotline inbox, was addressed to you by name.

I am standing by if there are any questions or concerns.

Thank you.

V/r, b6, b7c

b6, b7c

Inspector General Office
COMNAVREG MIDLANT
Groton, CT 06349
Comm: b6, b7c, DSN: 694
Fax: b6, b7c

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-----Original Message-----

From: b6, b7c [mailto:b6, b7c]
Sent: Tuesday, January 08, 2013 16:14
To: CNRMA IG HOTLINE
Subject: The Art Of Power and The Power Of Art

ATTN: b6, b7c, b6, b7c
Naval Submarine Base New London
January 8, 2013

Subj.: The Art Of Power and The Power Of Art

"The individual is handicapped by
coming face to face with a conspiracy
so monstrous, he cannot believe it
exists." - J. Edgar Hoover

Dear b6, b7c,

I apologize if perchance I have passed this way previously. I've been at this for over a decade.

To be explicit, was what I disclose here a step on the way to 9/11?

Over the past several years, I have sent my material to various government agencies and individuals, here and abroad, as well as to many other organizations and persons. Obviously, it can be meaningful only to those who "have a shared awareness of understanding," as I put it.

Some people have no problem with what I disclose here. Others reject it out of hand. I think you will understand why.

One fellow told me that he had read this material twice and couldn't figure out what I'm talking about! The meaning is encapsulated in the word "CHAMBER." If you understand what I am referring to here, then it should make sense. (Nazi Germany all over again?)

If, then, it is unthinkable to you, well, that's another matter.

A question to be answered is, Which side were these three Europeans on during World War Two, European Theatre? And does it matter?

The pre-planned and orchestrated assassination of b6, b7c, on November 27, 1978 led directly to the creation of the controversial Moscone Bust by sculptor b6, b7c, which was successfully used to deflect attention from the architecture of the Moscone Convention Center. Read the San Francisco newspapers for the week of the center's opening.

Ask three Europeans (one, English, b6, b7c; one, French, b6, b7c; one, Italian, b6, b7c), who lived through and survived the horrors and devastation of the Second World War, came to the United States afterwards and, eventually, settled in for lengthy stays at the San Francisco Art Commission. (now the "Arts Commission") The Commission's Civic Design Committee has much more to do with architecture than it does with art.

Where there are three there must be many. What are the names and backgrounds of the Art Commissioners going back to the post-World War Two period? By the way, b6, b7c (now deceased) was himself a sculptor. This is a cross-generational operation.

Personally, I've always been suspicious of that open window through which b6, b7c (the b6, b7c killer) penetrated City Hall to carry out his deadly deeds. Who were b6, b7c friends? Why is this man dead?

Who is the first person b6, b7c meets "after getting off the boat" in San Francisco? The b6, b7c of the San Francisco Art Commission, b6, b7c. Upon b6, b7c retirement, he is

succeeded by b6, b7c, who then becomes my supervisor.

One morning, I enter b6, b7c office and suggest that making the important work of the Civic Design Committee better known in the community can enhance the Art Commission's standing. She is not pleased. My life is changed forever by these few words, innocently spoken.

Shortly after this, my third floor room on Page Street is broken into and a poetry chapbook of mine, entitled Streets Of Barcelona, is taken down to the front room on the second floor, where it is left, precariously balanced, on a narrow, wainscoting ledge.

Twice, b6, b7c causes me, inexplicably instantly and in spite of myself, to shout at her. I believe the rumor that she interrogated enemy prisoners in the French Underground during World War Two. I tell her that the "glove" she wears hides a claw.

Several times over a period of days, a painful jerking-effect takes place in my mind. Something put in my coffee? One day its severity has me saying to b6, b7c as I'm walking past her heading for the front door, "b6, b7c, I don't feel well, I'm going home to bed." The stone-hearted look of indifference on her face at that moment is recallable.

A nocturnal, arson fire, set directly in front of a recently installed fire door as if by design at b6, b7c, obliges the Art Commission to relocate three times, bringing it in due course to the b6, b7c, looking down on the Moscone Convention Center and arriving in time for the latter's Grand Opening.

An aside: On the morning after the fire, the one item found missing (by me) is an adding machine recently acquired for my use. It will not be replaced. "Look, b6, b7c ... how strange." b6, b7c doesn't say a word.

December 1981. I enter the convention center's lobby, cross to escalators (next to which this bust has been temporarily placed) and descend into the most awesomely huge and inhumanly ugly CHAMBER I have ever known.

Late afternoon. I am standing at a window, looking out. Approaching me stealthily from behind, b6, b7c, in a pre-emptively suspicious voice, gruffles (into the back of my neck), "What are you looking at?" I about-face and answer, "Oh, I'm just looking out the window." She swivels and walks away. I was looking down on the Moscone Convention Center.

By this time, I have been replaced as b6, b7c immediate assistant, my desk is located two rooms from her office and I am seldom spoken to.

b6, b7c surprises me by suggesting that I get myself fired from my job at the Art Commission. b6, b7c stands at my desk and explains to me that she has taken a "wall sample" from the building in which we are working (a "condemned building") and sent it to an architect friend, who informs her (she tells me) that this structure is held together solely by bricks!

My briefcase disappears, mysteriously reappears several weeks later, immediately after which b6, b7c does something she has never done before and never does again. She comes to my desk and asks to borrow my briefcase.

The window opposite the Mens Room on the 9th floor reveals empty office space. Yet, the venetian blind on this window (which can also be seen from the Womens Room) is sometimes raised, other times lowered, now open, then closed.

Who thought up the Moscone Convention Center? Who funded it? Who designed it? Who built it? Who named it? Who expanded it? At a later time, a journalist was prompted to write that "the designer of the Moscone Convention Center did not have human beings in mind." Oh, yes, he did.

The one journalist this person read, who wrote that the Art Commissioners knew what they were doing when they selected b6, b7c to sculpt the bust of the murdered b6, b7c, is long gone from this world. Was he murdered?

Which former Vice President of the United States once referred to this center as a "temple of doom?" "It was insane that they commissioned him (b6, b7c) in the first place." Foster Goldstrom, Art Collector.

What brought about the reappearance of this "Portrait of George" in the Public Eye on November 3, 1992, Presidential Election Day? The death of b6, b7c on November 2.

I also think that a light needs to be shined on St. Louis, Missouri and, as well, on the Princeton Forrestal Center.

Out of the ashes of World War Two ... history is repeating itself.

Only those who know that what I am saying is true will "know for certain" that it is not. No one else can.

My story, in variously detailed formats, has been extraordinarily widely disseminated throughout the world via the Internet since the year 2000. I will be heard. I will not give up.

Has b6, b7c or b6, b7c traced the lives of these three Old Worldians back to the core group of people of pertinence? Inactivity implies complicity. Silence means death.

Worldwide exposure can stop this in its tracks. Is this not taking place because the people who have the means to do it are the same persons who are carrying out this ... operation? Many people in positions of high authority are slated for elimination, when the time comes. Is the life of President Obama in danger?

Time and events will tell.

The Last Scene


I follow b6, b7c ("that English woman" as she is known in City Hall) into her office to arrange for my departure from the Art Commission. She leaves the door unlatched and, so, doesn't hear me when I open it. She is standing behind her desk. Her arms are held out in front of her and her small hands are tightly fisted. Her head is turned to the side. Her eyes are closed. Her face is grimaced in agony as she desperately wills herself to keep from crying out. Suddenly, she turns and sees me. Looks of panic and hatred appear on her face. Then, right away, she takes on her normal demeanor as if nothing has happened. What she sees on my face are ... tears. You see, I'm an even better actor than she is. I give my reasons and get myself laid off. It must be hard on anyone to play one part in order to hide another.

The Final Scene

Over a year after my skedaddle from the Art Commission, I meet b6, b7c in an unlikely place. I have just returned to the City and I suspect foreknowledge of my whereabouts on her part. Given the hour, the rapid transit train in which I am riding (under ground) is sparsely occupied. For some reason I look behind me, where I spot her prowling down the aisle of the next car in my direction. She arrives. She sits down beside me. I turn and look at the ashen melancholy of her face. I greet her in a friendly way, "Well, hi there, how are you?" (My immediate thought is, Do not mention the Art Commission. I don't.) I then submit to a final, probative interchange, after which we mutually bid adieu. I never see her again.

Kind Regards,

b6, b7c



P. S. Where one awareness is, the second awareness is already there. So that, I do not seek to convince, but, rather, to find those, who, by their awareness, already know.

If there be but one in all this world, who is with me in this understanding ...

Absent the powerful, transformative LIGHT in my mind during the month of October 1981, I would have had no understanding of these matters, not one of these words would have been typed, you would never have learned that I exist.

Just as all my life, unbeknownst, I was moving towards this experience of light, so was I moving towards where I would be and what I would be doing when it appeared. I was working at the San Francisco Art Commission.

Since 2004, I have been being given, in dreams and while awake, names or initials, or other kinds of data, of people, who are or were involved in one way or another, often unknowingly, in the nefarious and surreptitious activities I am writing about.

Who am I? "I am a dove, with a hawk's beak from time to time." (Dream, 12/26/2008)

Two statements which are crucial to the realization of what I foresee: 1. "Even if it isn't true it will work, is: the thought that makes it all work." 2. "There has to be widespread doubt; therefore, there will be widespread doubt."

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